

Oh boy! they finally let me have my own space in the Getaway! — there are so many things I want to tell you...

# The Getaway

Wednesday, April 17, 1985

...wait a minute—those cheap bastards, this is the last issue! I've been had! I should have cut off their funding—I should ha...

Floyd Hodgins

*“Why not? It's spring!” laughs zany U of A Prez*

## Exams Cancelled – Go Home

by Bill Dorstop

Summer starts early this year as the spring finals season has ground to an unexpected halt.

“What can I say except blame it on cutbacks?” said flustered university president Myer Horowitz. “We were sure we could afford them this spring but somewhere along the line I guess we just fucked up.”

“We can't afford the paper to print them on or to pay our professors. The profs were willing to give verbal exams, at least until they found out we weren't going to pay them!” chuckled Horowitz before resuming his presidential demeanor.

What sorts of solutions to the problem did Horowitz envision?

“Well, we thought we could charge a \$5.00 per exam surcharge but we thought that would make us look like a bunch of heartless pricks so instead, we're going to pass everyone and send them home early.”

“What?!” screamed VP Internal Gord Stamp, his mustache quivering and eyes alight with righteous indignation.

“That's it! I'm going to go fire the little son-of-a-bitch right now. He'll never work in this business again!” he yelled as he wiped little specks of foam from the corners of his mouth.

“The students on this campus paid for their finals back in September and dammit, I'm going to see they get to write them and get their money's worth!” promised Stamp as he stomped out in search of Horowitz.

Stamp's colleagues reacted in a similarly characteristic fashion.

“Look, it's been a long year, I'm tired and if the university wants to cancel finals and pass everyone fine, 'cause I don't give a shit anymore,” moaned VP Academic Donna Kassian.

“No finals? Golly gee, that's really neat but I have to go get my nails done!” chirped the ever-cheerful VP Finance Christine Ens, as she merrily skipped along to her manicurist.

Another lucid analysis was provided by VP External Paul Alpern, who said: “Personally, I try not to take sides on any issue because after all we're here to try and build a campus together not tear it apart with needless confrontation that doesn't solve anything and makes the world a more complicated place to live which I don't agree with depending on wind direction...”

Alpern was still talking as this reporter left, but swell guy that he is, he didn't seem to mind—or notice.

The last stop before leaving the second floor Hackerama was soon-to-be ex-Getaway editor Gilbert Bouchard who naturally took the side of the underdog.

“What about the poor, the gays, the women, the blacks, the browns, the yellows, the plaids, the overweight frenchmen with Hitler-Youth haircuts, who cares about them?” he asked plaintively.

Finally, his mind fogged by the weight of injustice in the world, Bouchard could only rest his head in his hands and weep softly.

“Oh God, school's out two weeks early? But I don't even have a boy-

friend for the summer yet!” wailed second year Home Ec student Susy Maitseecker.

“They're not going to fail anyone?” asked third year Phys Ed student Biff Coldcuts, “after I switched all my courses to audit? God, am I eve dumb!” cried the frustrated jock as he banged his protruding forehead on a cement pillar.

A bearded, beret-wearing artsie-fartsie type, who preferred to remain nameless, said: “No finals? What do I care, all I've done for the past five years is drink coffee and play chess in front of Java Jive until Deweys opens!”

At least one professor was upset by the decision.

Abnormal psych prof. Marki DeSade said: “It's not fair. All year I wait to see helpless, writhing students submit to the dominance of my will, to be punished by the stinging lash of my questions and to see their nubile, defenseless bodies bound through discipline to remain in their seats...”

Dr. DeSade had to excuse herself to splash some cold water on her, uh, face as she clattered away on her stiletto heels towards the nearest washroom.

The last word came from outgoing SU President Floyd Hodgins who after several hours of concentrated thought on the issue, said “Why not?” and “I'm not going to roll over on this issue.”

“This is where I stand,” concluded Hodgins in his soft but firm voice as he pointed to a spot in his carpeted office, far from the maddening crowds.



Even Myer's son Moishe was caught by surprise yesterday

## Oops! Wrong road! says Steve's dad

by Ernie Overhead

(SPECIAL TO THE GETAWAY) —

Steve Fonyo arrived in Okotoks Alberta today on his “Journey for Lives”... and discovered, for the fifth time since leaving Calgary earlier this week, that he'd been running in the wrong direction.

“I had the Calgary city map right in front of me,” explained Steve Sr., who drives the support vehicle.

“But it kept slipping sideways when I leaned out the window to wink at those pretty Cowtown girls.”

Fonyo Sr. mistakenly guided his son, who has run all the way from Newfoundland trying to raise funds for cancer research, south out of Calgary instead of west on the Trans-Canada Highway.

Fonyo Sr. screwed up four previous times while attempting to navigate Fonyo Jr. out of the city core. The first attempt ended at the Calgary Zoo; the second landed them in Wrangler's Striptease Palace, a local low-life establishment. The third and fourth tries ended at the Saddledome and the Devonian Gardens, which Fonyo Sr. claims he “sort of wanted to see anyway.”

“Remember, it's awfully boring driving a vehicle around at the speed Steve travels,” Fonyo added.

Fonyo Jr., the young man trying to fulfill Terry Fox's dream of running across the country to fight cancer, was perturbed upon his arrival in Okotoks.

“You mean I've just hopped 20

fuckin' miles in the wrong fuckin' direction?”, Steve exclaimed, rubbing his stump in frustration.

All Steve Sr. could do was grin sheepishly and chastise his son for swearing in front of the press. Steve Jr. responded by threatening to “call that fairy Gretzky a wimp again,” but eventually controlled his temper and asked some locals for directions back to the Trans-Canada.

When word of Steve Fonyo's

### Ex-PM left in rain

LONDON (CUP) — None of the members of the Royal Family were home when External Affairs Minister Joe Clark visited Windsor Castle today, but the day was not a complete waste of time for the former Prime Minister of Canada.

Clark was in London as part of his Economy Class World Tour to benefit victims of foot-in-the-mouth disease. His goal is to raise enough money to offset the Canadian deficit or to gain respect for himself, whichever comes first.

Clark was pencilled in to see the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and a bonus of either Prince Andrew or the Queen Mother, but missed his appointment due to a “scrum” conducted by gossip-mongering journalists who quizzed

presence got around in Okotoks, the mayor insisted on calling an impromptu parade in Steve's honour. Farmers, ranchers and other Okotoks folks flooded main street, bestowing such gifts as Lethbridge Pil and a large old heifer named Bessie upon the Fonyos. Steve Jr. was invited back this summer to try “Calf Wrasslin” and “Bull Ridin” at the Okotoks Rodeo.

The one-legged cancer victim thanked the crowd, confiding later

to a reporter that he'd “sooner get hit by a transport truck than set foot in Okotoks again.”

Then the Fonyos were off, Steve Sr. with the map right side up this time, Steve Jr. employing his familiar stiff-legged gait, and old Bessie the heifer plodding along behind.

The cross-Canada run is expected to be completed some time in the summer of '85, providing nobody else fucks up.

## Joe comes, Royals run

Clark on Canadian foreign policy.

“The poor man was cowering under an umbrella for the rain,” said Royal Valet Stephen Barry, who answered the Royal door. “I had to take him in; I can't stand to see a man in a wet Marks and Spencer MacIntosh.”

He said the Royal Family was accompanying Boy George on an American talk show tour as his opening act.

Barry invited Clark to tea and an impromptu reading from *Royal Secrets*, his second book about the Royal Family.

Clark, who later sid the bric-a-brac was “sumptuous” and the cucumber sandwiches were “a joy”, stayed approximately 45 minutes.

“It was an enjoyable afternoon,”

Clark told reporters as he ran across the tarmac to catch a flight to Ipswich.

“It was a disappointment to have missed Libby and Phill and the kids, but I found Mr. Barry to be a thoroughly enjoyable man,” added Clark as he latched onto the tail strut of the plane.

Reliable sources say Barry donated 15,000 copies of his book to Clark's clause.

In the next few months or as long as Mulroney is still Prime Minister of Canada, Clark is scheduled to visit David Bowie in his Kyoto home, Jimmy Carter at his plantation in Georgia and John Turner somewhere in Ottawa.



# Chuck'swacko; Diana bored

by Eddy Puss Complex

British gossip columnist Nigel Dempster today reported a further split in the marriage of Prince Charles and Princess Diana with the news that Charles was becoming increasingly reclusive and the rumor that Diana would be joining sleazy leather king Billy Idol on his upcoming tour.

According to Dempster's published reports, Charles, who has not been seen in public in three months, has shaved his head and spends most of his time wondering the grounds of his estate at Kensington and playing with the horses.

"What can I say, he likes horses," said a Buckingham palace spokesman.

The spokesman also confirmed speculation Charles refuses to eat anything but berries and the bark found while roaming his estate.

"I believe, in this age of fitness, the princes' diet provides an excellent example of the Prince of Wales' commitment to clean living," said the spokesman.

Asked if Charles' new lifestyle

was causing the Queen any concern, the spokesman said the Queen had decided to postpone her retirement.

"Well what can you do? You can't very well have a coronation if the prince refuses to wear clothes."

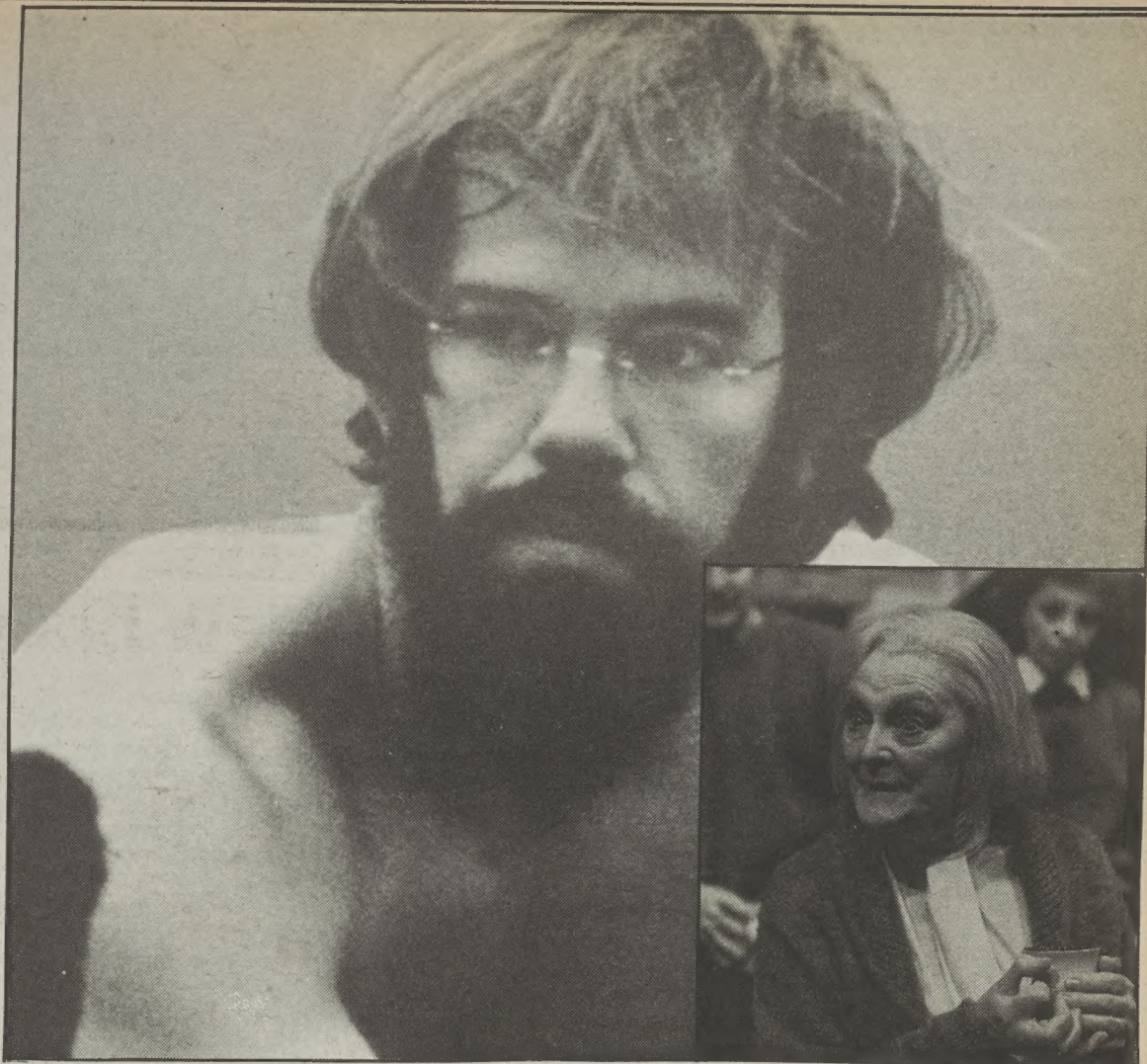
Meanwhile, the free-spirited Diana, long rumoured to be bored with her marriage, was anxious to get out more.

"I want to party and be crazy," Diana said after seeing Idol in concert. "I'm tired of chanting and eating berries," she said in reference to Charles' new lifestyle. "Billy is a kook and he loves to party."

"And besides, all I want to do is have fun." Diana said Billy was closer to the type of person she is.

"He's a great dresser and he's so deep. But compared to Charles, Ann, that bitch sister of his is a genius. God it's good to be away from them all."

Asked if she would return to Charles, Diana was non-committal saying she was looking forward to being "on the road with Billy."



Prince Charles, before he shaved his head, spends most of his non-official time foraging for berries, while wife Diana's looks have suffered as the result of time spent as a Billy Idol groupie.

## need a break...

NEED  
A  
BREAK



lower floor • SUB

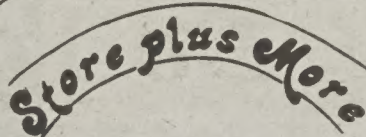
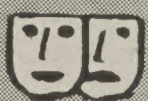
pool sharks

bowling pros

are welcome

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Sat-Sun: 1:00 PM - 10:00 PM

Free bowling for  
students with ID cards  
Sunday, 1-10



main floor • SUB

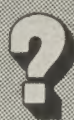
personal care products  
school supplies  
information

tobacco

candy

photofinishing

**HOURS:** Mon-Fri: 7:30 AM - 8:00 PM  
Sat: 10:00 AM - 4:00 PM



... get it in your own backyard

... courtesy of your Students' Union

ROOM  
AT  
THE  
TOP

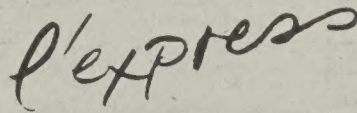


ROOM  
at the TOP

- Panoramic view of campus
- Satellite T.V.
- Draught on Tap
- Full Cocktail Service

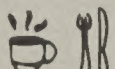


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- Typesetting





# Arts veterans out

by Coquette Chanel

The president of the University of Alberta has offered to pay long-time Arts students to get off campus.

President Myer Horowitz made the unprecedented announcement at a weekend rally to kick off the Girl Guides' spring door-to-door cookie sale campaign.

Speaking against Horowitz's new aggressive approach to directionless pseudo-academics is Bram Bosenberry, a ninth-year Arts undergrad.

"I don't understand it," Bosenberry whined at a press conference. "I, as an Arts student, have been a good and productive citizen at this institution. I've knocked back 67,000 pitchers at RATT and Dewey's, providing revenue for the Students' Union, used 1,988,430 sheets of paper for these essays, thereby subsidize the Canadian forestry industry, and stewed over 864,744 coffees at Java Jive, thus promoting small business," said the sometime Economics, Slavic Languages and Art History major.

However, Horowitz countered accusations that the university is oppressing hapless student loan regulators.

"It's not meant to be harsh or malicious," Horowitz said in an interview yesterday. "It's just that I

think it would do them good to finally get out into the real world."

Horowitz says the university is still working on the details of the plan, but this much is known: all proceeds from the cookie sale will go into a fund to buy out Arts students, starting with undergraduates that have not completed a degree in four years. Next on the agenda will be persons with more than two Arts degrees.

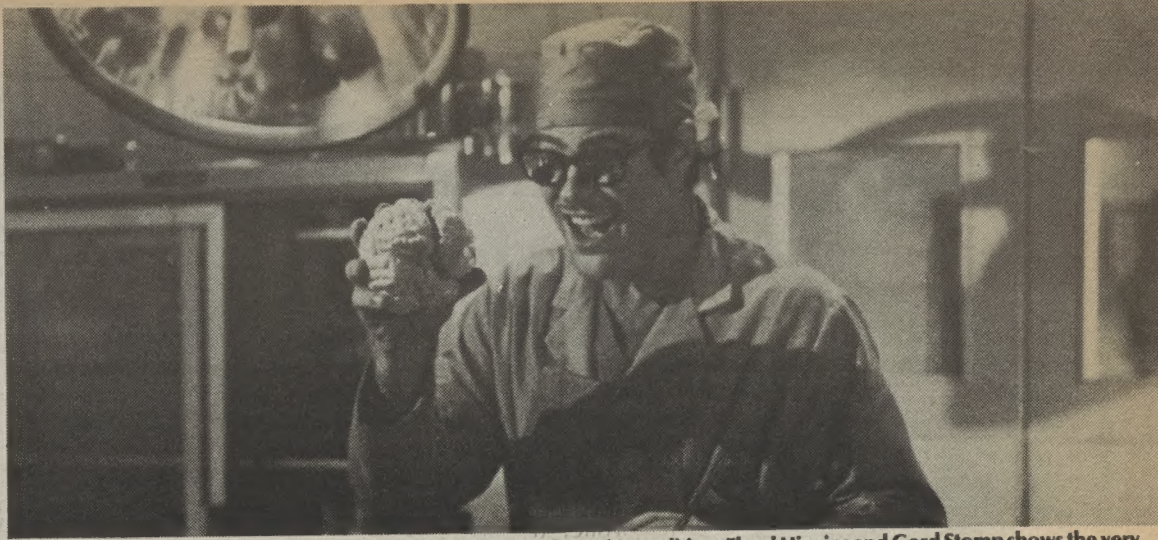
A high ranking university official who asked not to be named told the Getaway that the plan may extend to Science students in the coming years.

"They are making similar jokes about cartography students as they are about philosophy students," the alarmed informant said.

Bosenberry is asking his aspiring-lawyer friends if there is any legal action Arts students can undertake.

"I'm not sure what we can do," Bosenberry said. "The amendments to the Charter of Rights that come into effect Wednesday do not explicitly provide protection for professional students."

A "Buy Out Basket-Weavers" booth will be set up in HUB Mall all next week, selling t-shirts, buttons and cookies. There will be a tin can for donations. Only cash contributions will be accepted.



One of the surgeons who assisted in the artificial brain transplant of SU politicians Floyd Higgins and Gord Stomp shows the very, very undersized brain of Higgins. Doctors expect the pair may be able to think rationally with their new brains. Maybe!

## New brains but same thoughts

by Ann Otherbeer

Floyd Higgins and Gordon Stomp were conscious for the first time last night since their artificial brains were implanted on Sunday.

Higgins and Stomp were the first artificial brain recipients in North America.

"We've gone through so much together in Students' Union (at the University of Alberta)," whispered Stomp, "it's so comforting to have Floydie suffering beside me."

Higgins, nodding with tears in his

eyes, motioned for a joint from a nearby nurse.

The controversial operation was the only way to save the two student politicians after their own brains collapsed trying to advance-register for the upcoming fall season.

According to implant surgeon William DeVries, the situation was critical. "The brains were already dangerously weak... I find it surprising they were able to function this long."

The artificial brains were the revolutionary new Jarvik-7 1/2s. "A few circuits had to be removed," said DeVries, "due to the unnaturally small brain cavities of the patients." Consequently a few normal brain functions will be affected such as the ability to read and to think rationally.

But DeVries was optimistic. "These patients had limited ability in the first place... Now, however, the operation will enable us to switch them off."

## So fab

by Dome Began

In an attempt to raise their profile on campus, arts students have announced the creation of an arts week rivaling the popular Engineering Week. According to spokesperson Calvin Lauren, arts students are tired of being treated as second class by other faculties. "We're going to show them that we can belch and swear just as well as the next joe," muttered Lauren, absently adjusting his bandanna. "And us artsie types can sure as hell make better snow sculptures than those engineers," he added, wiping a scuff off his Giovanni's.

Among the activities planned for Arts week are daily Perrier boat races, crossword puzzle playoffs in Quad, and water fights. "But that's just some of the light events we have planned," Lauren warns. "We're going to do some really raunchy things like putting some of those metal sculptures in the Dean's office and moving some paintings around campus." The organizers are optimistic that the event will be a success, and there are even plans to buy leather jackets "just like those far-out pink engineering ones".

## Patch trouble

by Soozi Que

Although we haven't heard too much about them lately, it appears there is a growing concern in the medical community about the fate of Cabbage Patch kids. Apparently the delinquency rate among these children is as much as 55 per cent higher than it is among "normal" children.

Said Dr. D.C. Cabbage, founder of the adoption program, "I guess we made a mistake. Five and six year old children just don't seem to be emotionally and financially equipped to raise these kids. And of course, most of the adoptive parents are single, which creates an additional burden."

Cabbage Patch kids are often neglected. "It's just not healthy for them to be left in corners, under furniture, for weeks on end. It's stunting their growth," said Dr. Cabbage.

Group therapy sessions are being planned to help alleviate the problem.

# STUDENTS' UNION AWARDS

## Do You Qualify?



### Maimie Shaw Simpson Award

**Award: \$100 + plaque.**

To be awarded to a female student who has achieved a satisfactory academic standing, and made an outstanding contribution to campus life through hard work and leadership.

### Walter A. Dinwoodie Award

**Prize: A plaque & \$100.00**

To be awarded to a student who has achieved a satisfactory academic standing in the 1984-85 academic year, and has made an outstanding contribution to student life through active involvement in public service clubs registered with the Students' Union and/or Students' Union Services.

### Eugene L. Brody Award

**Prize: The interest from the Eugene L. Brody Fund.**

To be awarded to a physically handicapped student who has achieved a satisfactory academic standing and has made a valuable contribution in extra-curricular activities.

### Lorne Calhoun Award

**Award: A book prize valued at \$75.00**

To be awarded to a student who has achieved a minimum GPA of at least 7.5 in the 1984-1985 academic year, and has been an active and involved member in a U of A club and/or Faculty Association.

*Note: All awards criteria are subject to ratification at Students' Council.*

**Additional information and application forms available in the Students' Union Office, Room 259, SUB.**

**Application Deadline: April 30th, 1985**



# EDITORIAL

**Kill them, stomp on them,  
squish them flat.**

Down with dictators! Why have we allowed ourselves to be fooled with promises of "higher learning?" We have been oppressed, led as blind doves into the tyrannical hands of those power hungry maniacs, our mentors.

Yes, that's right, our professors. Beneath those baggy blazers lie the perpetrators of University hierarchy. They maintain a domination over us, the students, that clearly contradicts the principles of democracy.

They feed us information...and I ask you, how do we know they don't just make up everything on the way to class? Their idea of a sick joke over their morning bowl of shreddies? I mean, I never heard of half the stuff they teach before I came here ! *Insect Toxicology* — that's not fit to study!. I don't eat bugs so why should I care if they're toxic or not? And *Adult Materials* —flesh, bone, and muscle, everyone knows that. Just what are those profs up to?

We are expected to conform with THEIR rules: their timetables, their classrooms, their grades. How does equality of the people enter into this? It doesn't! The charter of rights? Nowhere! Why can't I hand my English essays into my math prof? Why not? They are implying that some people are inadequate in comparison to other people, in the use of the English language. But how can this be if we're all equal? I rest my case.

And to top it off, they don't eve LOOK like us. Those shiny balding foreheads — blech! Those carefully trimmed beards —double blech! Those white powdery noses covered in chalk after delivering so many lectures into the blackboard — aaagh, I feel nauseous!

I say, enough! Let us have no more professor's. let us have University for the students, by the studentns. From now on, we will have no more of this studying subjects we don't understand, we will only have tests which any one of us can achieve at least 100 per cent. Students will be allowed to come and go as they please, and still maintain a nine point average. Class length and content will be entirely up to the class itself, who will of course not be obligated to be there.

But what shall we do with the professors, you ask?

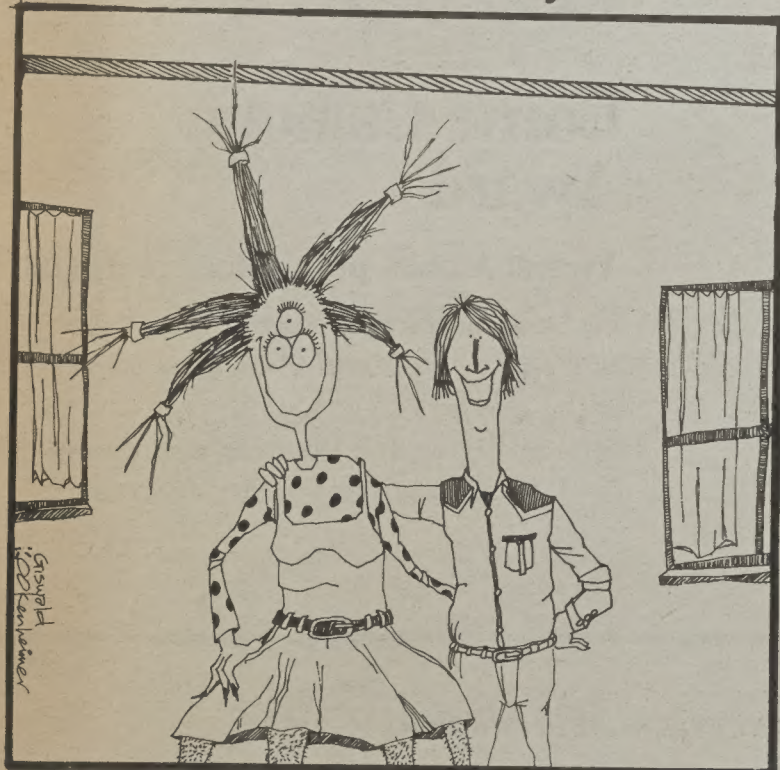
It is a sorry truth that my proposal will create a problem which I term "professor excess," that is, an overabundance of learned men and women in a world with no use for their elitist views. After several sweaty, sleepless nights, I have come up with a solution. We shall contact the makers of those *Shrinkadoodles* kits, and utilize their skills in shrinking all professors to one-eighth of their original size. Then we shall box and sell them. I foresee a potential craze here that will make cabbage patch dolls obsolete.

We must stop the professor menace before we are swamped with so much professor propaganda we forget our true selves, our free spirits, our...wait, who am I?

## Our last editorial

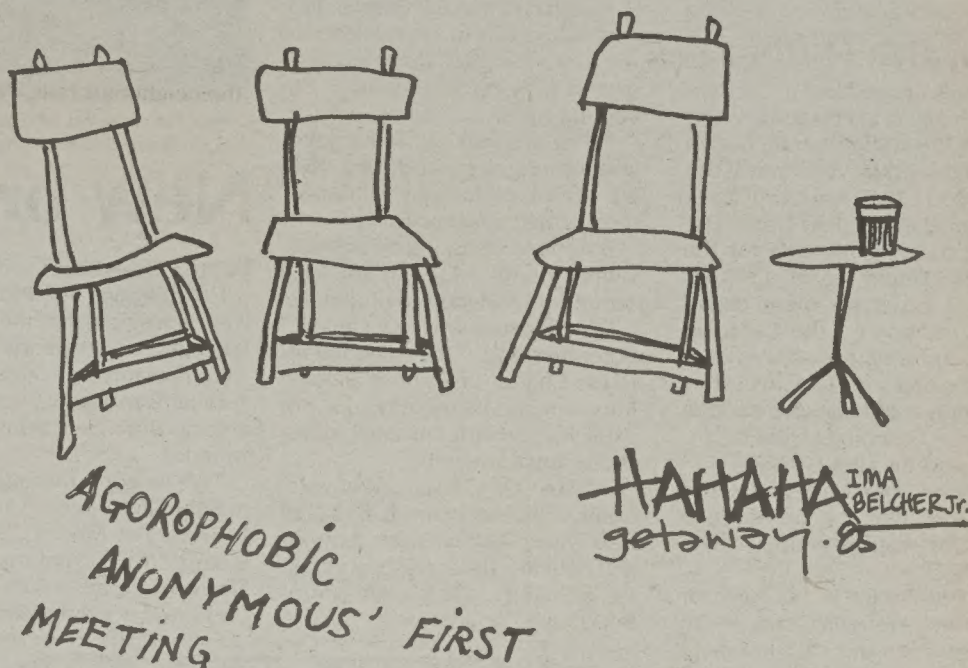
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# SPACE FILLER by KOOK



**Irving has been ignoring his friends' suggestions that he go visit an optometrist.**

WELCOME ONE AND ALL!



## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## Smut and stuff

Don't let our white smocks fool you, we're actually sluts.

the Med students

## This is sick

Good evening, ladies and germs, I'm your letter for the evening. I just flew in from the newsroom, and boy are my arms tired. A funny thing happened on the way to the paper...GONG GONG GONG GONG GONG... anyway, I guess I'm out.

Contestatnt #732

## Good enough to eat

Hi, I'm a Ding Dong. You know what's good about me? Well, I've got this chocolate coating and light, fluffy cake and I just taste great! And not only do I have lots of calories but to top it off, I've got this soft creamy filling.

## the Ding Dong

## Look at what this guy wrote

I'm a bit confused. I always thought there'd be more to University than this. I mean, when I got here 7½ months ago, I was a bit lost so I asked a professor

where I should go. He seemed surprised that I should talk to him, but then he smiled and led me through a bunch of buildings, muttering "stupid undergraduates" under his breath the whole way. I was REALLY lost then. Anyway, the professor suddenly stopped, pushed me through a doorway, said "This is where you belong, now don't talk to me until you're finished your thesis," and slammed the door. I've been wandering around these hallways and I can't seem to find a way out, I just wanted to know, aren't I supposed to be doing some work or something? And where are all the other students? What, classes are over? When do I get my grades?

Harry Highschool  
Science I

## Don't listen to him

I'd like to share a good idea with everybody. Recently, I bought a trampoline and put it on my roof, that way, if anybody drops a nuclear bomb on my house, it'll just bounce back to Russia.

Barry Brain  
President of Mensa

## Oh, the agony

Hi, I'm your garbage and I just wanted you to know that I'm sick and tired of being thrown out of the house every Wednesday night. Have you smelled your garbage cans lately? Yech, they make me ill. Well okay, maybe I don't look that great and maybe I smell a bit, but god-dammit, if you don't do something about those cans, I'm going on strike. From now on, if I don't see a limo and some nice leather...no velvet, red velvet chairs waiting for me outside, I'll fill your bed with twinkie wrappers and banana peels. Hahahaha.

## Your garbage

# The Getaway

**April 17, 1985, Vol. 75, No. 50**

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**Yes, this is the last paper already. Now go home, get out of here. Leave. Adieu. Can't you see we're leaving. Out, out damn spot.**



Some stupid bimbo

Gosh! I'm soooo sorry university is over. It sure was a neat, keen year. I mean, I got to hang out in cute HUB mall in the mornings and Rutherford passageway at noon and I just loved RATT in the evenings. Now that summer's here where will I go? I mean, like, can't we extend the school year so it's all year? What do you think?

Bitsy Titsy  
Big Breasts II

Oh, the loneliness

Oh where did it all go? Where? Where? Where? Where? Don't you care for me anymore? I thought you loved me. I thought it was more than some silly fad. After all, I never peed on the rug or scratched the furniture did I? My life has been so empty since you replaced me with Blacky. Please take me back, oh please.

the Pet Rock,  
begging for mercy

Bitch, wheeze snarl

I'm sick of being ignored and I'm sick of being slandered. I hate the Getaway and those slimy, slanderous, yellow journalist self-serving, contemptible, corrupt, degenerate, commie pinko-fag, libellous, lying cheating, adulterous, biased, slanted, fascist, one-sided,

indigent, indignant, flatulent, tumescent, torporous, somnolent, solicitous, pompous, arrogant, criminal, neanderthal, negligent incurious, indolent, bunch of HACKS. I'm important on this campus. When I speak, people should listen because I have a title and a big office and a business card and if that doesn't make me a somebody, by God it should, and the Getaway better start learning this and fast. Did you hear me. Are you listening? F.H. soon to be a major ex-SU prez.

Shut the fuck up

Woof, woof, woof, woof, Howwwl, woof, woof. the neighbours dog, 4 a.m.

Oh, the slander

You Getaway people think your so smart but you don't knough what studints on this campus reelly want. What do theigh want? Some big tits and cute asses and piktors of carz, thats what. Anything as long as it isn't booring. You should reed the Grind moor if you want to sea what I mean. If you say bad things about meegh I sue you for liable. A. Dummy Box 115, SUB

Oh, the death

Blub, blub, blub, blub, blub. Jonah, calling for help

SEX UNDER BRIAN

Solve the mystery

reprinted from the McGill Daily by Canadian University Press It is generally accepted that the sexuality of a people is molded and shaped by their leaders. The procession of Prime Ministers which have come down Canada's government runway have each exposed a unique sexuality. For example, John Diefenbaker was musty and traditional, missionary position only, and deadly serious about sex. In that damp suffocating era Diefenbaker corresponded with a moldy and fungus-friendly allure. In a period of rapid growth and industrialization Lester Pearson led the way. Pearson had the erotic versatility of a vending machine with Kraft processed cheese food sandwiches in each window. What more can be said. A lull in Canuck fuckery. Pierre Trudeau pulled the pants down on Canada...-A blast of hot air and hot breath down the necks of Canadians. He pioneered sophisticated sexual maneuvers with a melange of imported European and Asian techniques. He played hard to get until he became a nuisance.

Joe Clark fumbled and groped his way across the Canadian body politic. He forgot what he was doing and his partners left. The real John turner works in Madame Tussaud's wax museum in Niagara Falls while a slightly imperfect wax version of the man travels the country inspiring Canadian fantasies. As Prime Minister, the rigid, plodding Turner was a clarion call to masturbation for all Canadians. Mulroney changed everthing with his slogan "let's do it together" bringing in a "hands-off" policy implementing instead the private sector's "invisible hand" which now fondles Canadian privates. But Mulroney himself remains a sexual mystery, a question mark snaking across the erogenous zones of the country. He has captured the imagination of the nation, tied it up with chains and leather thongs and left only his chin to bite down on. Is Mila the only one who knows his secret? Is Brian the inflatable love doll of Bay St.? Or just a molester of young social programmes. What are the hormones behind the image?

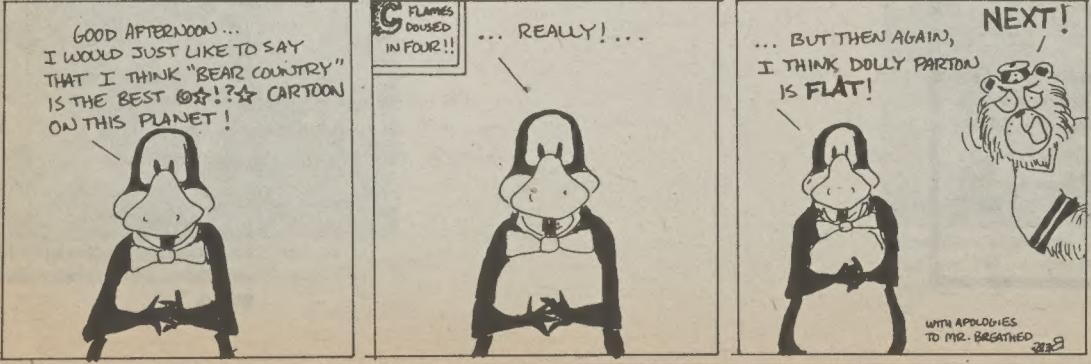
SECOND WHINE

I.M. Notparanoid The world is in a terrible state these days. I, for one, refuse to leave my house for fear that I'll be gunned down by maurauding hordes of Mongolians. They ruled the world once, who's to say they won't try for a second time? They're communists, you know. What's worse, they're nomadic communists! And they wear skirts; need I say more? Anyway, like I was saying, the world has totally gone to pot. What the hell happened to the all white, heterosexual world of our forefathers? Last night I was watching Solid Gold and this woman singer came on and (this is the disgrace) she called herself Boy George! She wore so much make-up I was embarrassed for her! Her husband should be shot for letting her out of the kitchen. But back to my topic, the world is sick and demented and just plain icky. I just cannot believe the cruel manner in which we treat our animals. Take those cute little furballs of love, the Koala Bears, for example. Oh, the horror, the horror! Would you believe that these poor little creatures have nothing to eat except eucalyptus leaves? For God's sake,

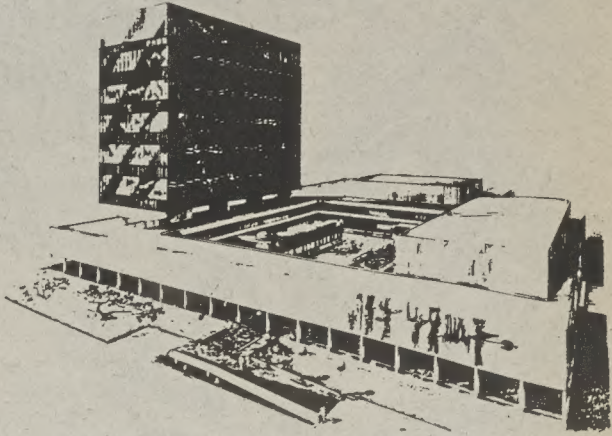
somebody give them some good red meat! Are we really so heartless that we are willing to allow one of the cutest things on Earth to starve to death while we gorge ourselves on anything edible that isn't nailed down? Why look at Pavarotti! So what, the man can sing, but I'm willing to bet his bulk could feed at least ten Koala Bears! Feed Pavarotti to the Koalas! Feed Pavarotti to the Koalas! To repeat myself, the world today is in total disrepair. I'm sick to death of hearing about nuclear war. So we have a nuclear war-so what? It'll make men out of us. I'd like to see some homo pansy survive a nuclear war. As a matter of fact, I'm looking forward to a nuclear war as I've always wanted to see a mutant (besides Chuck Barris) and this would be a golden opportunity. Well, Mr Clock is a-binging and a-bonging and it's time for me to go. Incidentally if the Getaway doesn't publish these prophetic and insightful musings of mine I'll just give this column to the other U of A newspaper. Like I always say, give it to Mickie, he'll print anything.

BRRR COUNTY

by Chained Berg



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# The 1984 film



Goldie Hawn (seen at left) was deserving of critical praise for her epic *Dogs in Heat*. The film took a hard look at how we perceive the tenuous relationship between dogs, people and politicians.



*Dance of the Naked Goat*, was the critically acclaimed screen translation of Agatha Christie's murder mystery. The film drew a record crowd in its ten-month run. Milo O'Shea (seen at far left) received an Academy nomination for his portrayal of the half-man half-goat sociopath.

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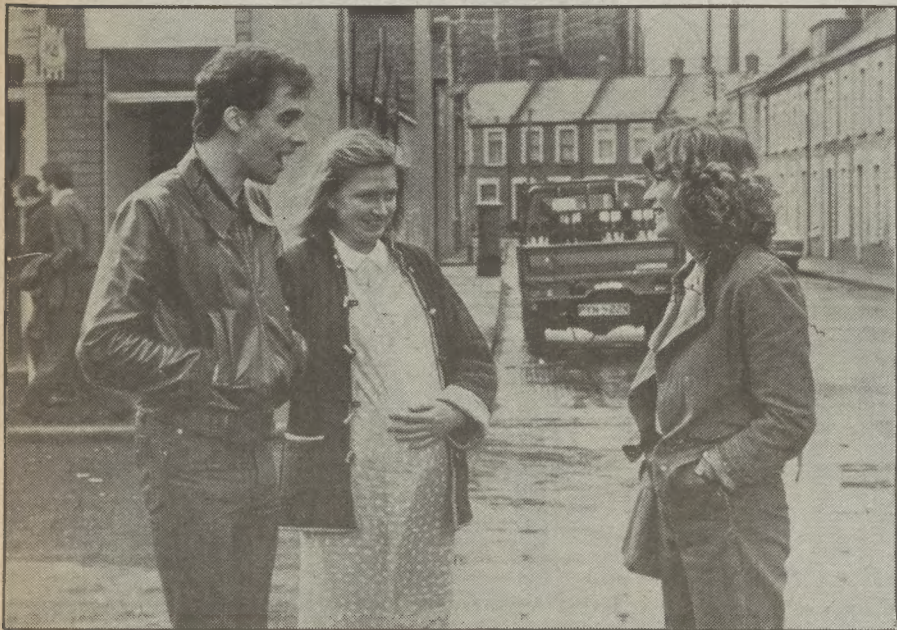
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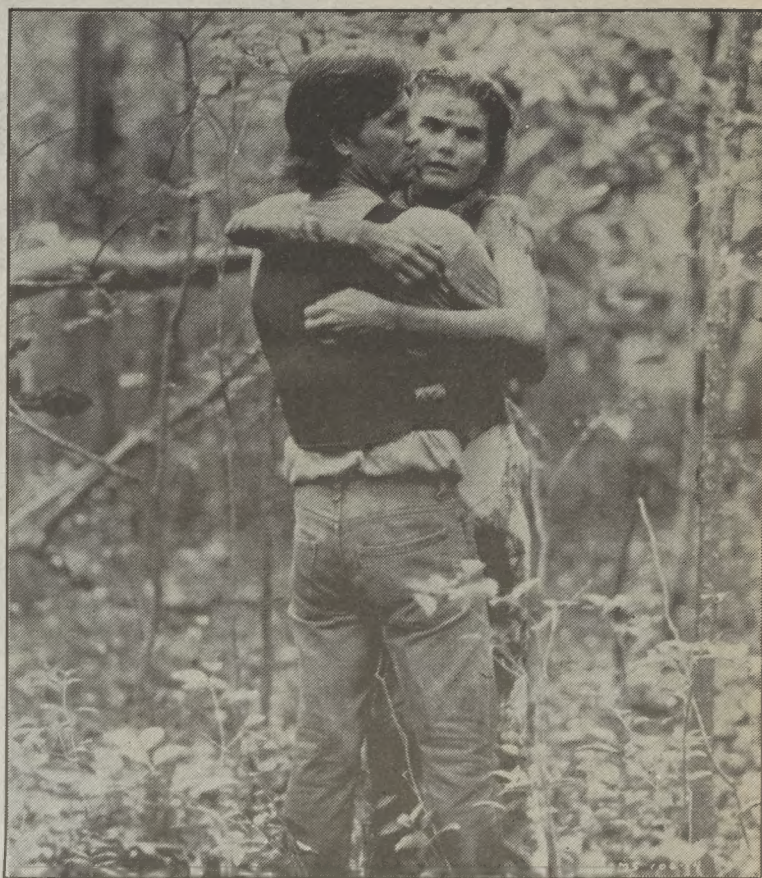
The financial success of Columbia Pictures' *The Financial Success of Columbia Pictures* could not be denied.



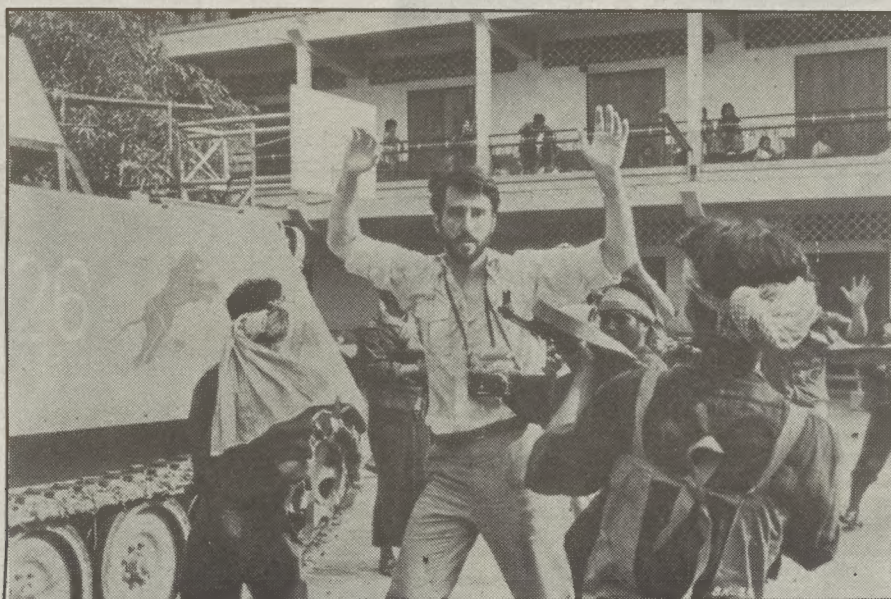
# ns in review



*It's Her Fault, Anyway:* Actor Malcolm Douglas (at left) truly shone in this haunting tale of an innocent man caught up in an unplanned situation.



Kurt Russel and Mariel Hemingway in the swamp trot competition of Columbia Pictures *The Cajun Waltz*. The film had its moments but was universally panned for a climax that combined dancing girls with Claymore mines.



Twentieth Century Fox's *Lost in Hanoi* became famous for its realistic portrayal of foreign tourists caught with pre-set spending limits on their American Express cards.



*The Story of a Virgin High School Boy Getting Laid by the Devil* could mean a possible influx of a few more films of this



New York Islanders' goaltender Billy Smith made his screen debut in Universal pictures *Clear that Net*. He later won an Academy Award for his emotional performance of a man "just doing his job."



# UNENTERTAINING

by Michael Punter

The so-called golden age of newspaper comics strips that engulfed the 30's and 40's produced some spectacular material. Who can forget Mandrake the Magician, Tarzan, and the old Superman strip.

On the other hand, who can remember Captain Gateway.

In fact, I don't remember Captain Gateway and after reading the collected adventures of the Captain I wish I'd never heard of the jerk. to be completely honest, the only reason we're reviewing this stupid book is that the publisher slipped my editor \$50 and he said if I didn't review it I'd spend the rest of my natural life writing critiques of bad sound poem anthologies.

The first thing we have to remember about Captain Gateway is that the strip was far before it's time. The 1930's were so unprepared for Captain Gateway that no newspaper wanted to carry the outrageous hero. When little Orphan Annie was appearing in hundreds of major dailies, only a small Falher Alberta weekly (Moose Speak) was willing to print the daring adventures of the flying Frenchman.

Captain Gateway was created by the renowned artist/author John Algard, an illiterate philosophy professor from McGill University.

Algard originated the strip in 1939, creating a hero who by day was the mild-brained newspaper editor, Gilbert Gateway, of a major bi-weekly — the *Fateway* — and by night Captain Gateway, that crusading adventurer who devoted his life to fighting heartburn, getting good seats in the movies, and trying to keep from getting fired.

Captain Gateway was constantly under siege from powerful enemies: a rival paper (the *daily Grind*); vicious villains; corrupt politicians; the English language; and his own lack of intelligence.

Algard contrasted the wondrous powers of the captain with the more-than-normal Gilbert Gateway. For example, in his civilian identity, the mild-cerebral editor had his hands full just meeting deadlines, going through revolving doors and being rejected by every female in Metro-city. But as Captain Gateway he could be confused by time zones and snubbed by women from across the globe.

That's all I know about Captain Gateway, mainly because I didn't read past the preface. But take my word for it, this book is worth getting, if for nothing less than saving my job.

## Captain Gateway flies

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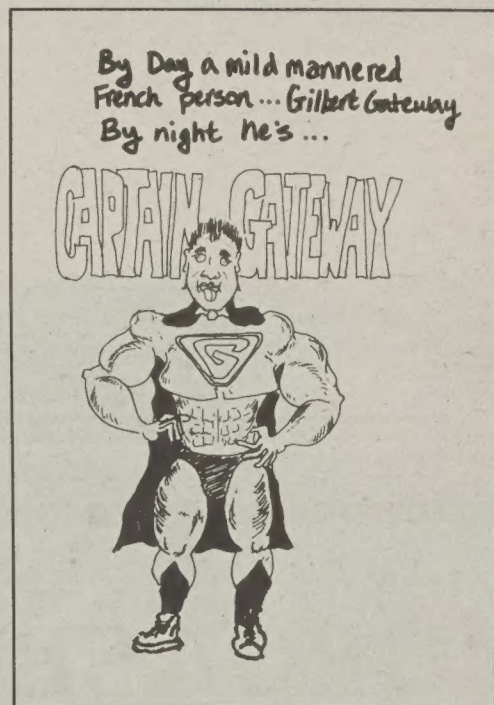
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## Ode to a Hack #1

I'm a student politician  
on this campus of ours  
right here  
I have a sensitive ego  
and a cryptic facile sneer

I don't like seeing my name  
in stories here and there  
unless they're written by me  
so I can make sure they're fair

That's why I hate the Gateway  
boy, does their writing suck  
especially on my alleged  
wrigglings  
way down in the slime  
and muck

They really are a problem  
they really are bad news  
their commie-symp ideas  
CLASH  
with my right-wing views

It's too bad they weren't  
co-operative  
you know—just like the Grind  
then they would ask me no  
questions  
and I would tell them no lies

Not that I've ever lied  
we all know that isn't true  
and if you even hint otherwise  
I swear to God I'll sue

—by Bill Doorstop

## Ode to a Hack #2

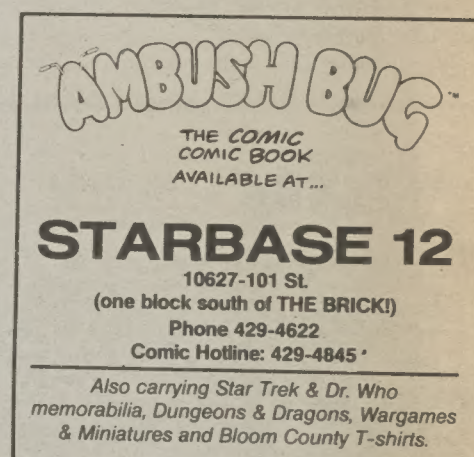
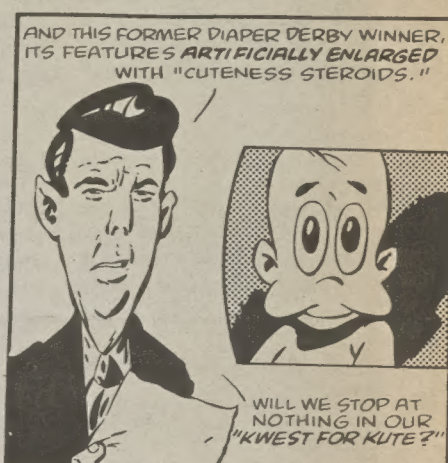
I'm an SU political hack  
yes, politics is my game  
too bad my sense of ethics  
is crippled, perverse and lame

But I love our constitution  
and forever more I will  
'cause it gives me the power  
to fire people  
and to me that's a sexual thrill

I can use it against my enemies  
I can use it to help my friends  
with the constitution on my side  
I'll be righteous until the end

It doesn't prohibit free speech  
but that does trouble me not  
what really is a problem though  
is I can't have people shot!

—Bill Doorstop



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# Extracurricular activities

## Eva Penzeri: The Getaway Interview

by Sneedley C. Rutherford III

Always the center of controversy, West Edmonton Golden Bears' Public Relations person Eva Penzeri has just released an autobiography entitled *My Life As A Team Junkie: A True Story*. The book reads like a collection of letters to *Penthouse*, for Eva, like MacDonald's has served billions! I recently interviewed in her heart shaped bedroom jacuzzi.

**Getaway:** The first question of course, why did you write the book?

**E.P.:** To set the record straight. I want people to know the whole sleazy truth. Rumors have been circulated about me and frankly they just don't measure up to the intensity of my experiences.

**Getaway:** You described yourself as a "Team Junkie." When did your

preoccupation with athletes, or rather groups of athletes begin?

**E.P.:** Well first of all you have to know that I had a very liberal sexual upbringing. Mom used to read *Cosmopolitan* to me everynight before bedtime. When I entered school at six, I was far too busy reading *Penthouse Forum* to even think about Dick and Jane. So as you can imagine I developed a sexual awareness at an early age. But I guess the "Team Junkie" thing really started when I went to one of my brother's hockey games when I was about eight. I couldn't help but notice the firm, sweaty athletic bodies of his teammates. After the game I jumped three of my brother's friend's behind the rink shack, and I've never looked back.

**Getaway:** A good portion of your book deals with your infatuation

with a certain football player known as "the franchise." why is this particular athlete so appealing to you?

**E.P.:** Well, I like 'em young, and he is both young and legal. Plus he has a certain innocence...or rather had a certain innocence. He's done something for society, as well. Not everyone can rush for 200 yards per game. But basically it's a situation of no control: I see him and I react. I want to bear his children, no pun intended.

**Getaway:** You claim, in your book, that sex with an athlete is different than with a human being. could you explain this?

**E.P.:** (swallows hard; begins to tremble) I like it when they are all hot and sweaty after a game... their bodies are all pumped up and

glistening, still ready for peak performance. Athletes are always willing to push themselves beyond the limits of human endurance. I like that in a sex machine.

**Getaway:** Your book appears to be a shallow collection of sensational sexual encounters. How will the public react?

**E.P.:** Aw come on! What more could you ask for? I mean everyone's looking for sex, right? I think it'll probably save marriages! This book should get a rise in even the most impotent of husbands!

**Getaway:** I understand that Hollywood has expressed an interest in *Team Junkie*. What's happening on that front?

**E.P.:** Yes that's right. In fact, it appears the book will be made into a mini-series. Playboy Channel has

already begun work on the project and it's scheduled to air sometime in July. We've just worked out a deal whereby some of my own bedroom video recording will appear in the series. I hope some of you guys out there know where to find good divorce lawyers.

**Getaway:** You're obviously a very busy lady, Eva. How did you ever find the time to sit down and write your autobiography?

**E.P.:** Well actually I wrote most of it lying down. I keep a typewriter in my night table you see and well...I don't want to go into it right now, but let me say that you'll see how I killed two birds with one stone when the mini series comes out.

**Getaway:** As a former athlete myself Eva, I have to admit that... Eva, that's...my zipper...uh-oh...

## Eva Penzeri book excerpts

Here are a few excerpts from my book: *My Life as a Team-Junkie; A True Story*.

The turning point in my life came when the priest said, "Miss Penzeri, do you take the football Bears' first-stringers to be your lawfully wedded harem, until another team does you part?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Lazily, I kicked the Bears offensive line out of bed, called room service, and slipped into something less comfortable. They had a game to play and, dammit, I had a story to cover...

Lazily, I kicked the Eskimos' receivers...

Lazily, I kicked the Dolphins' running backs...

Lazily, I kicked the Jets' line-backers.... And they told two teams, and so on, and so on.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was touched when Hall and Oates did a remake of Julio Iglesias' and Willie Nelsons' hit single, "To all the girls I've loved before." The lyrics for me though, were a bit different. "To all the teams I've loved before. That have traveled in and out my revolving door...."

\*\*\*\*\*

I was shocked when no other person at AADAC had the same fears as I did. I was alone. The commercials had lied.

\*\*\*\*\*

A horde of people skimpily dressed grope about on a bed. With their bodies contorted you hear the occasional grunt, moan, and thump. Are these people wrestlers? Not quite, they're...

\*\*\*\*\*

"Beat us, please, beat us," they demanded in unison. They weren't referring to a game of squash.

\*\*\*\*\*

What I want to ask is, "What are your best moves on-the-field?" and what comes out is "What are your best moves off-the-field?" Can you say, "on-the-field?" Forgive me Mr. Rogers, I can't bring myself to say it.

\*\*\*\*\*


My life read like a playbook. If I recognized the audible the quarterback called, I'd be down on the field before the center could snap the ball. Oh, how I dreamt of being the 49ers center.

\*\*\*\*\*

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# West Edmonton Bears

by Eddie Short

The successful cloning of Jeff Franchise has saved the Golden Bear football team from a fate worse than ring-around-the-jock-strap; Vegreville.

Earlier in the year, the Department of Athletics had sold the Bears football club to Vegreville because of poor fan support on the U of A campus. The Perogydome appeared to be their destiny.

However, the Ghermezian Bros. were successful in their take-over bid of the Bears. In exchange for the Bears, Vegrevilleans were offered a weekend pass to Fantasyland along with an autographed copy of Eva Penzeri's book, *My Life as a Team-Junkie; A True Story*.

Greed, the enticement of travel and the opportunity for cultural enrichment won over loyalty.

The Bears however, will not be returning to Varsity Stadium.

At a press conference held earlier today, at the Four Seasons Hotel in Toronto, public relations manager Eva Penzeri announced that based on the strength of the Franchise sextuplets, the West Edmonton Golden Bears will be the newest addition to the Canadian Football League as of the 1985-86 season. Miss Penzeri's appointment was also made public.

Miss Penzeri also revealed that Phase Three: West Edmonton Paradise is actually Phase Four: Fantasy Stadium. West Edmonton Paradise will be completed in September of 1986. Fantasy Stadium will be in operation by the start of the 1985-86 season. Miss Penzeri explains:

"Fantasy Stadium is a beautiful complex. It has an elitist seating capacity of 15,000, with exclusive season ticket permit holders only. The 10 game package is selling for a mere \$16,969.69 per seat. Our intention is to keep the riff-raff out. It is truly an exclusive club. It can be compared to attending the opera, the ballet, any social function where anyone who is anyone must be seen."

"The price includes: limousine service to and from the games; fur storage; a television monitor per swivel soft leather seat; plush white carpeting throughout (exception is the playing field; unfortunately CFL rules still apply); a waiter per aisle; an extensive menu selection;

complimentary martinis; the electronic wave (your seat moves so you don't have to); electronic cheering, options include: Bravo, Bravo; Encore, Encore; and/or clapping; marble rest rooms; a game briefing for those who missed it, admiring their neighbours latest Oscar de la Renta fashions... There are just so many wonderful, accommodating features, that I could on and on. For example, another feature includes 24 karat gold goal posts.

"To be trite, it has to be seen to be appreciated. Unfortunately, for the majority of people Fantasy Stadium will remain just that, a fantasy. As of 12 noon today we have sold exclusive rights to all 15,000 seats. An additional entry fee of \$69.69 will be charged per game.

All levels of Canadian government have granted permanent tax concessions to the Fantasy Stadium conglomerate. Penzeri and company will be offering daily tours of Fantasy Stadium for the underprivileged.

Miss Penzeri's other duties include recruitment, fashion design, and entertainment of visiting teams.

"The entertainment of visiting teams will certainly keep me busy during the football season. In the off-season, I am looking forward to working with Calvin Klein. Each season will see the West Edmonton Golden Bears sporting the latest in designer adhesive wrap. Believe me, even I won't be able to get between them and their Calvins.

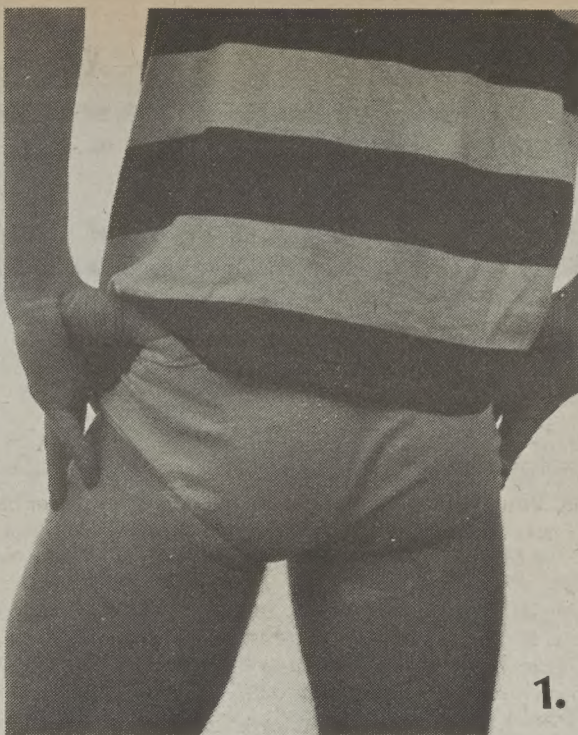
"The recruitment of players is what I relish the most. I am pleased to announce the signing of Doug Flutie, Steve Young, Warren Moon, Herschel Walker, Joe Cribbs, Mike Rozier, Lawrence Taylor and Wayne Gretzky.

I pay no attention to position (not entirely true) their salary is the determining factor. Triple Five has agreed to double their present salaries. The lowest paid athlete made \$1.75 million last year."

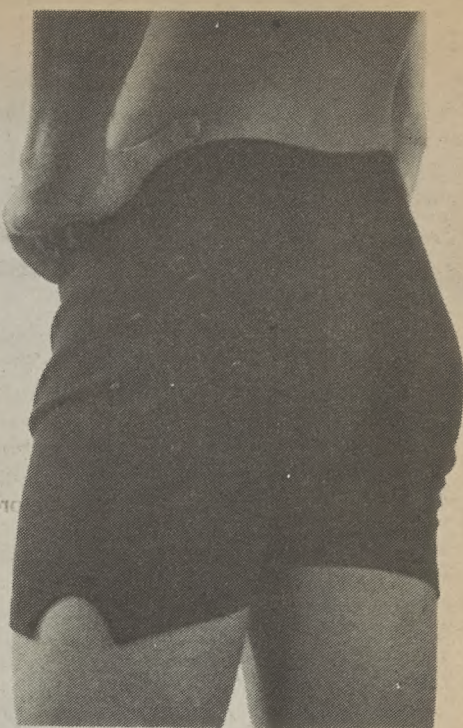
But Miss Penzeri, Wayne Gretzky is a hockey star.

"I don't mind and neither does he. You see he doesn't wear Calvins.

Glen Sather has been signed on as General Manager and the present Golden Bear coaching staff has been retained to lead the West Edmonton Golden Bears to their first Grey Cup victory.



1.



2.

## Best Bums of 85

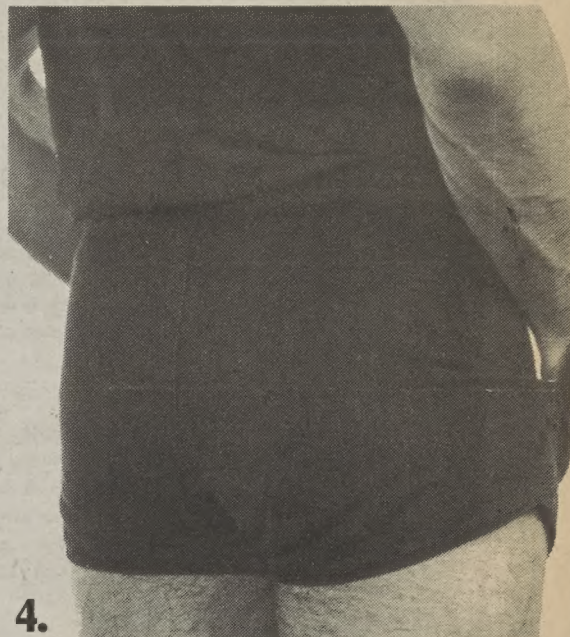
Those bums that possess that unique combination of grace, poise, firmness, and form have been deemed by me (Eva Penzeri) as the best athletic-bums of the 1985 season. Amongst them are a

rowers bum, a cyclists bum, and two hockey bums. See if you can match the bum with the sport. Answers at the bottom of page. A recent *Cosmopolitan* survey has

revealed that the better the bum, the better the lover. Making the best-bum list is the most prestigious award bestowed upon an athlete by the Getaway.



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